

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

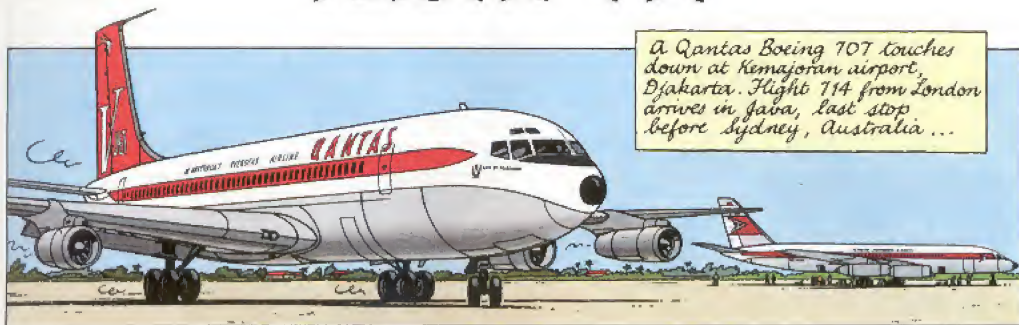


FLIGHT 714



MAMMOTH

FLIGHT 714



A Qantas Boeing 707 touches down at Kemajoran airport, Djakarta. Flight 714 from London arrives in Java, last stop before Sydney, Australia ...



I keep telling you. We're in Java!... Djakarta!

How very strange I'd have sworn it was Djakarta.



This is Djakarta, ten thousand thundering typhoons!

Rangoon? You must be joking.



Blistering barnacles! Djakarta! Djakarta!! DJAKARTA!!! Can't you listen to what I say?

Botany Bay?...Then why didn't you say we'd arrived?



No, Professor, we're not in Australia yet. It's Djakarta.

Yes, I know. But I thought at first it was Djakarta.



Welcome to Java! Transit passengers this way, please ...

Transit passengers... that means us.

This is more like it. I'm no skye terrier... I prefer my feet on the ground!



I say, Tintin, what about a little drink?

Good idea. Why not?



There's the bar, look ...

Fine!



Hey!... Stop!... Are you trying to make a fool of me?

There! Look! Kemajoran!...
Tell me, is this or is this
not Djakarta?

**KEMAJORAN
(DJAKARTA)
INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT**

Always the same, isn't it?
"Poor old Cuthbert, doesn't
listen to a word you say... head
in the clouds again... always
gets the wrong end of the stick."
And on and on and on and on
and on!

One of these days he'll send me
round the bend... Oh, forget it.
Let's have a whisky... Whisky?
Drinking whisky when some poor
devils can't even afford a cup
of tea... Like that old chap
...

Look at him, not a penny... Where
does he come from? How long
since he had a square meal?

Alone in the world... No one to
care... Human Flotsam, one of
life's failures... even catches
cold in the tropics.

AAAAAAAA H

TCHOO

My poor fellow,
here's your hat.

AAAAH...
AAAATH...
AAATHA...
'ank you!

Aha, my good deed
for the day! No
one saw me slip a
five-dollar bill into
his hat.

1 What's this? ...
Am I dreaming?
It can't be... a
five-dollar bill!

2 Heaven be praised!
At last I
can buy food!

3 **CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP**

4 Thank you,
thank you,
and... OOP...
bless
you!

Such generosity ...
such a noble soul...
my unknown
benefactor!

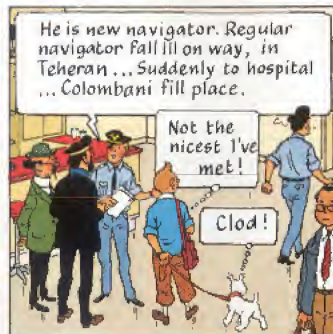
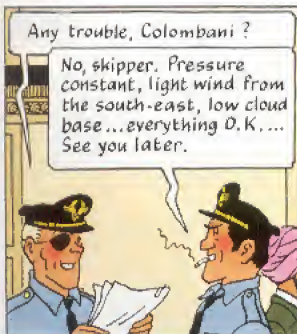
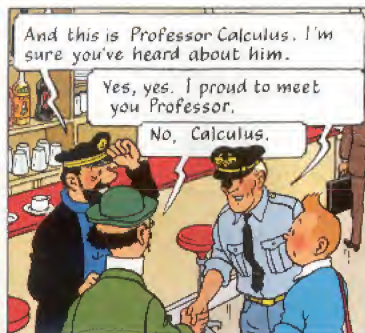
He quite
definitely
said Rangoon!

But...

It's perfectly
natural, of course.
Anyone in my
position
would have
done the same ...

Billions
of...

SKUT!

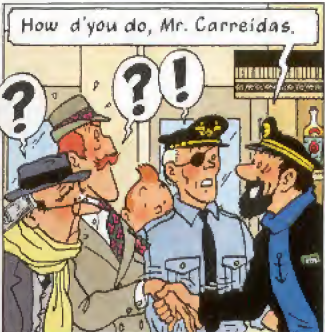




Still, he must be kind-hearted; he's taken that little emigrant under his wing.
Good For him!



Mr. Carreidas, I please introduce my friends to you: Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, Tintin. They went in rocket and were first men on moon. You remember?...
I...



How d'you do, Mr. Carreidas.
? !



Er... No... Excuse... this Mr. Spalding, secretary of Mr. Carreidas... Here is Mr. Carreidas.
It can't be!



I never shake hands: it is extremely unhygienic... I do vaguely remember some expedition, but the details escape me... As I recall, it didn't affect the stock market.
Hello?...



? There seems to be... Allow me...
Presto!



My hat!... You're a trespi... no, I mean... presti... prestigidi... prestigita... ta... ta



HA HA HA



HAHAHA... pres-tidigitator!



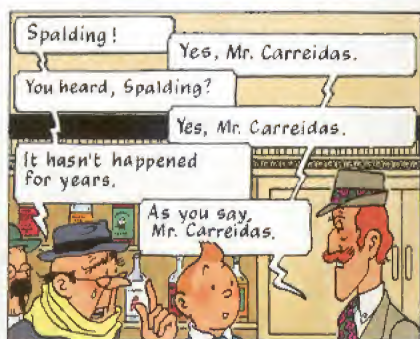
HEE HEE OH HO HO HAAA



TAAAH... AAAH...



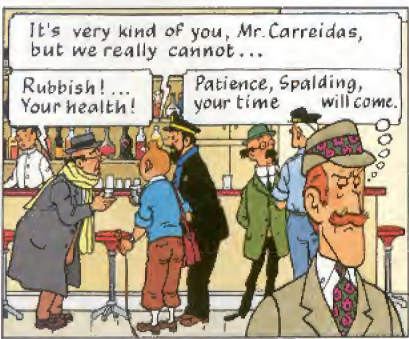
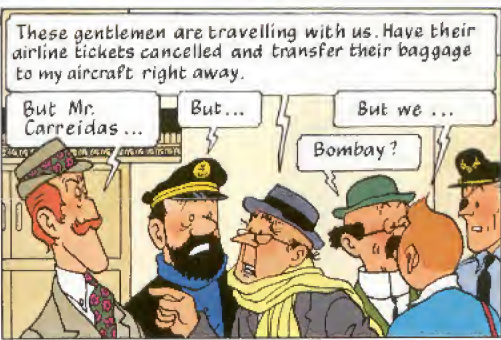
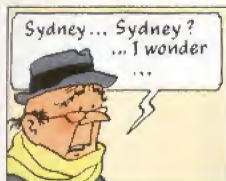
I... ha! ha!... I... it's incredible... incredible... ha! ha! It's quite incredible!

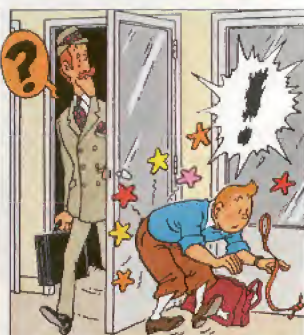
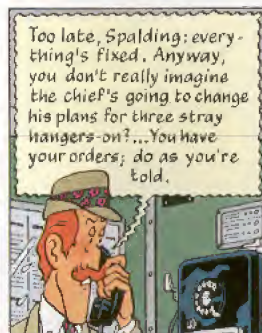
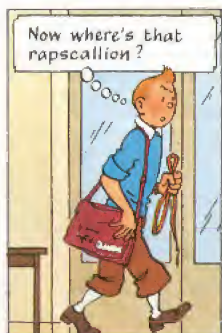


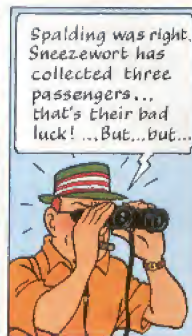
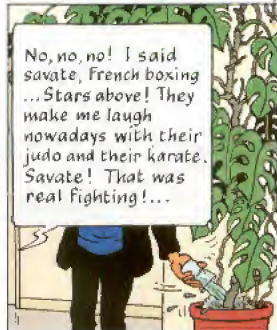
Spalding! Yes, Mr. Carreidas.
You heard, Spalding? Yes, Mr. Carreidas.
It hasn't happened for years.
As you say, Mr. Carreidas.



This is an occasion! Yes, Mr. Carreidas.
Drinks, Spalding! At once, Mr. Carreidas.







This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

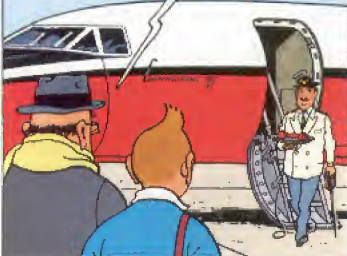
It's magnificent!



The most advanced feature lies in the aerodynamics of the ...



Ah, there's Gino, my steward ... A Neapolitan. I wonder...



Telefono From New York for il signor Commendatore.

That'll be Goldberg.

Hold the line, please.



Please board the aircraft, gentlemen. Gino, look after my guests.

Sì, signor Commendatore.



Hello... Yes ... Of course: the Parke-Bennet sale ... Well?... Three Picassos, two Braques and a Renoir ... Junk! ... Anyway, I haven't an inch of space to hang them.



What's that?... Onassis after them?... Then buy! ... Get them all! ... What?... I don't care how much, buy!



You met navigator Colombani... This is new radio operator, Hans Boehm.

Hello!

Captain!

Well, well...

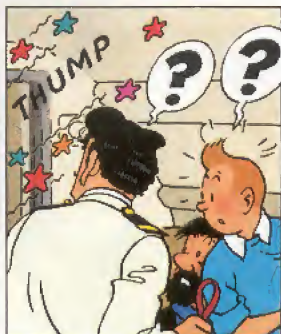


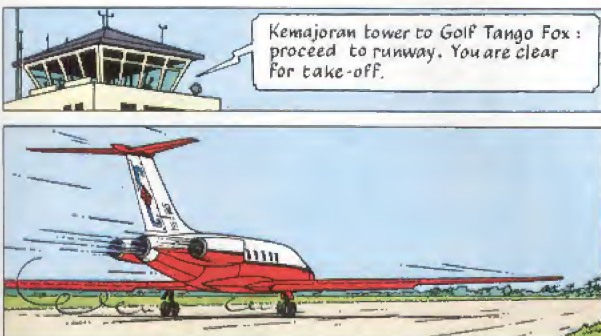
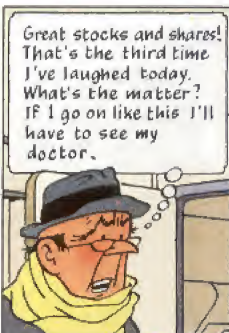
More new crew?

Sì... no fortuna we have on this viaggio... Other radio operator in accidente at airport in Singapore... with petrol tanker...



But presto presto il signor Spalding find new radio operator... Il Signor Spalding is molto intelligente... Il Signor Spalding...



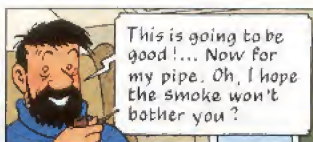




C4 - D4 - E4? Not a bad start, Captain. You've sunk a submarine, but the other two shots went into the water.



Aha!

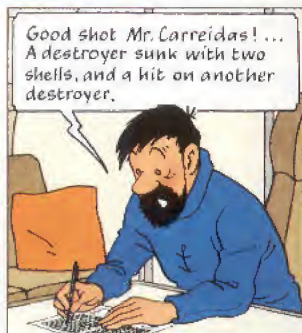


This is going to be good! ... Now for my pipe. Oh, I hope the smoke won't bother you?

Smoking is strictly prohibited, Captain. Even the smell of tobacco upsets me.



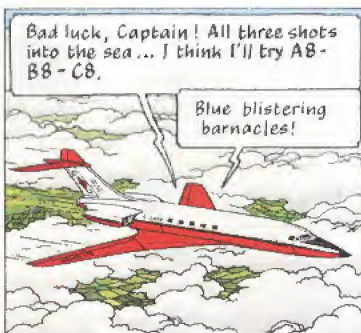
My turn now. Let me see... A4 - B4... and ... er ... C2.



Good shot Mr. Carreidas! ... A destroyer sunk with two shells, and a hit on another destroyer.



Now I'll have a go. I must fight back! ... C5 - D5 - E5



Bad luck, Captain! All three shots into the sea ... I think I'll try A8 - B8 - C8.

Blue blistering barnacles!



A cruiser sunk: three direct hits! ... You're psychic! ... Still, what do you say to C6 - D6 - E6, eh?



All missed, I'm afraid ... What bad luck! ... I haven't got second-sight, you know ... just natural talent, that's all. Now I must concentrate ...



Anyone'd think he could see my board ... And what's more, he won't let me smoke!



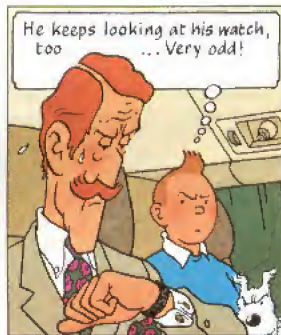
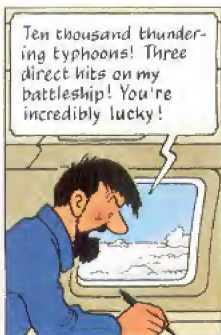
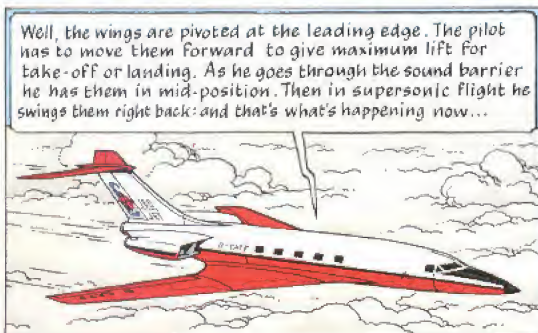
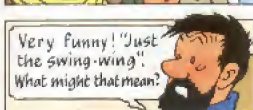
Hello, that's odd ... I'd swear ... I must be dreaming ...

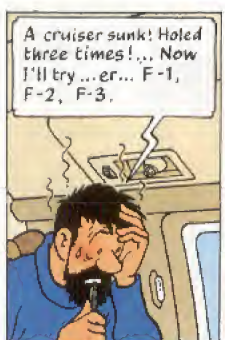
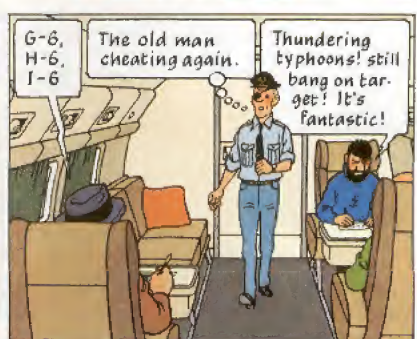


For my third salvo: G1 - G2 - G3



THE WING!





And what is the meaning of this stupid joke, Spalding?

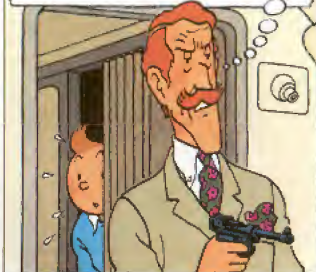


It means, my old baboon, that I'm giving the orders for a change... You heard: get your hands up! ... Now, on your feet and move to the rear of the aircraft... Everybody!

Spalding, I'll...



Everybody?... Just a minute... Isn't someone missing?



That's it, young what's-your-name... Tintin. Good for you! Take away his gun!



A brave try, my clever friend. But it didn't come off! Now get with the others and cut the funny business. I've got my eye on you!



Bravo, Spalding!

Ah, it's you, Hans. Help me lock them up.

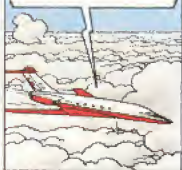
Spalding! It ... I... You... You're sa-sa-sa-...

Is this a television film?

Mamma mia!



Spalding, I'm giving you notice, d'you hear? You have totally betrayed the trust I placed in you! ...



And you're such a trustworthy character yourself, aren't you, Sneezewort? You low-down cheat, you even use closed-circuit television to win a game of Battleships!

Ssh, Spalding! I forbid you!... Silence!

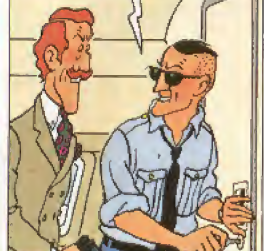


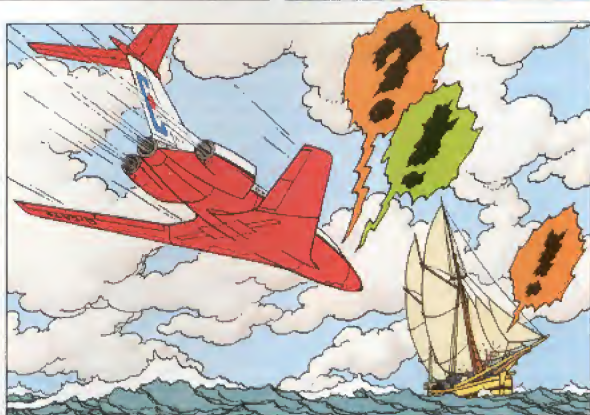
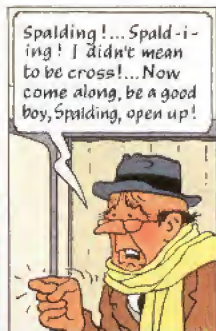
Come on, now. All of you into the kitchenette! One false move and... Understand?... Move!

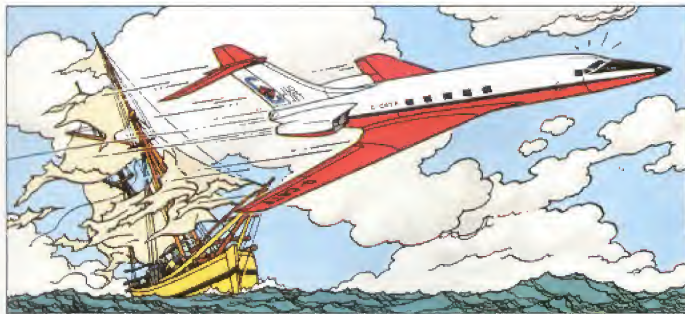
Spalding, you are discharged!



That's them in the cooler. Now for stage two...







Kurang ajar! Apa tidak bisa
djaga saja poenja lajar! Apa gilah!

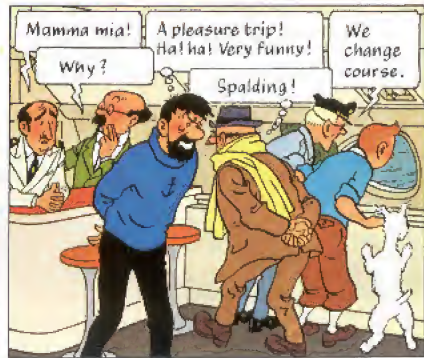
Macassar tower calling
Golf Tango Fox! What
has happened? Are you
receiving me? We have lost
radar contact... Please re-
port your position. Over.



Macassar tower calling Golf Tango Fox!
I repeat: we have lost radar contact.
Report your position. Golf Tango Fox,
are you receiving me? Come in
please. Over!



Aha! That's done the trick!



Mamma mia!

A pleasure trip!
Ha! ha! Very Funny!

We
change
course.

Why?

Spalding!



Spalding, this is treason! You'll
live to regret it, Spalding! ...
Spalding, you hear me? ...
Spalding, speak to me, Spalding!



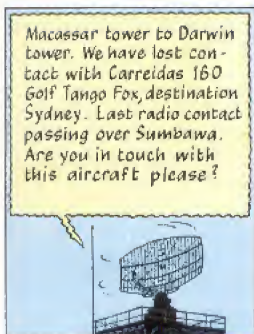
What d'you suppose is behind all
this, Mr. Carreidas?

A foreign power, undoubtedly,
or a rival company, trying
to steal my prototype.



Or perhaps it's just a straight case
of kidnapping... to extort a big
ransom.

They won't get a penny!
Not a penny! Never!



Macassar tower to Darwin
tower. We have lost con-
tact with Carreidas 160
Golf Tango Fox, destination
Sydney. Last radio contact
passing over Sumbawa.
Are you in touch with
this aircraft please?



They'll soon raise the alarm
and ... Ah, there's our
radio beacon!

We're
home
and dry!



Home and dry?... Don't count your chickens,
Janglese!... It isn't all over by a long chalk!

Why? ... What do you mean?

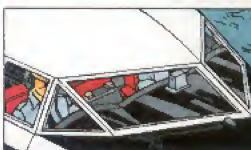
What do I mean?... Just this: the runway we're going to land on is about a quarter the length we need for a bus like this!... So, you can reckon it's ten to one we'll break our silly necks!



Ten minutes later...



There's our rendezvous: the island of Pulau-pulau Bompá.



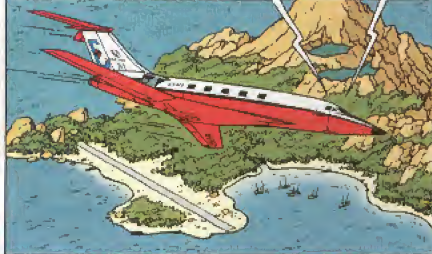
Right. We'll regain height to 1000 ft, reduce speed, set the wings for landing, empty the tanks. And in we go!

They climb again. I think prepare to land... Yes, there is island... And there is runway... But... crazy! Is crazy! Runway much too short!



They're ready for us.

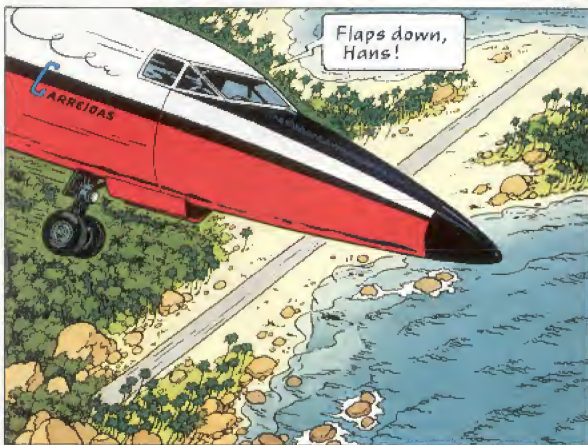
Yes, I saw.



Ah, the wheels are down, they're coming in.



Flaps down, Hans!

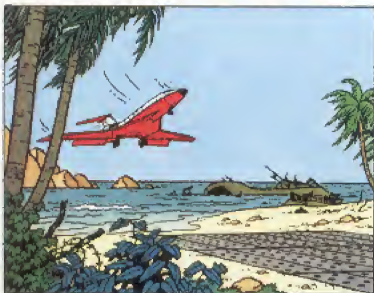


Can't you stop rolling us around, you pock-marked pin-headed pirate of a pilot!

They put down flaps.

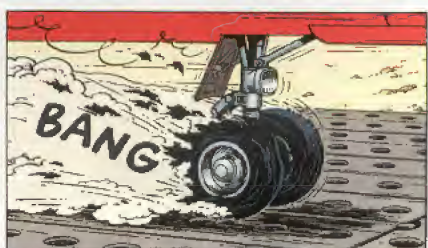
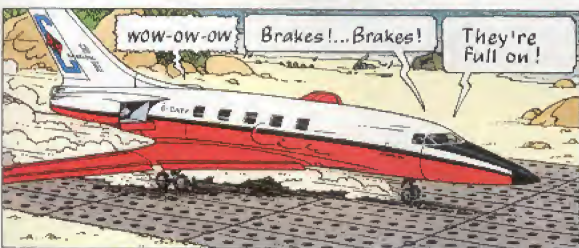
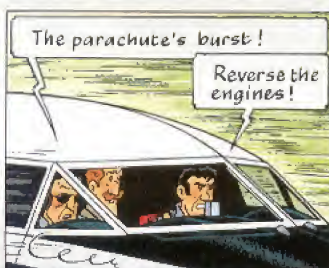
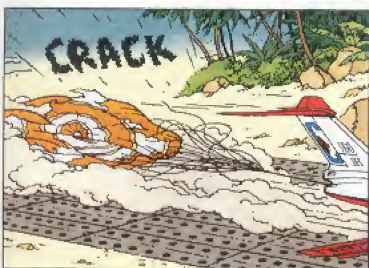
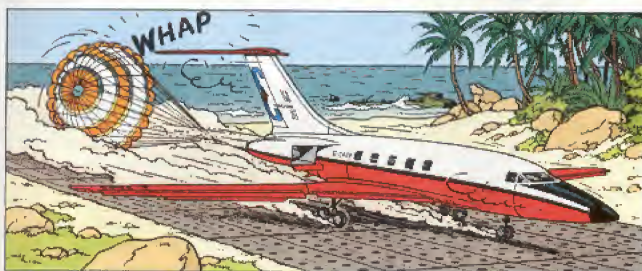
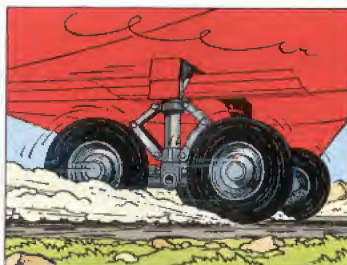
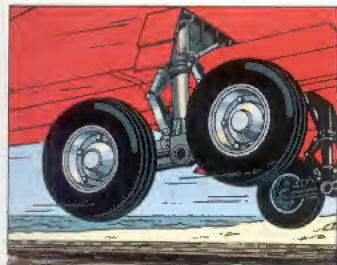


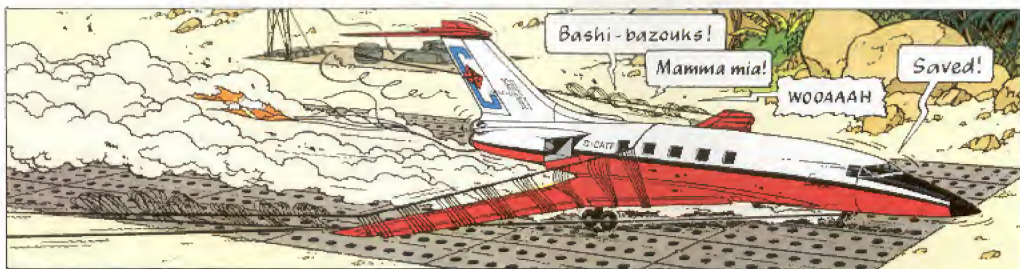
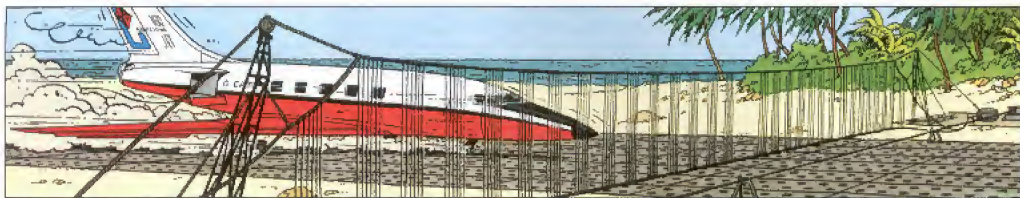
All sit with back against forward partition, hands behind head!

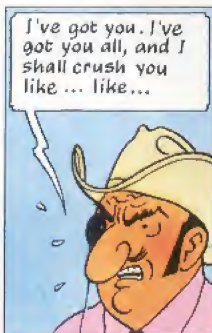
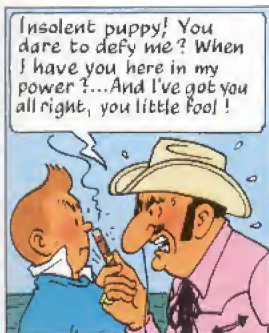
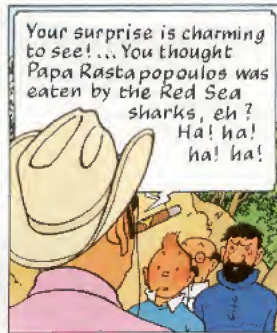
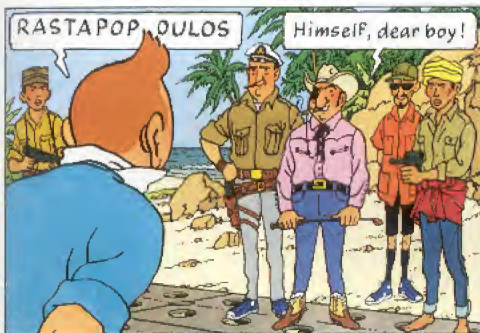
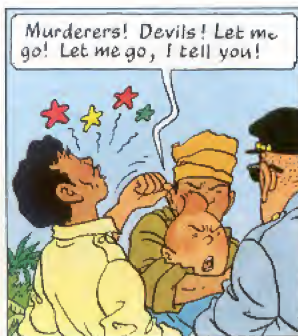


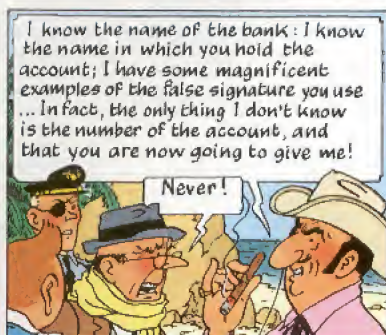
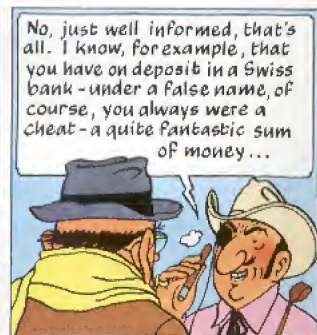
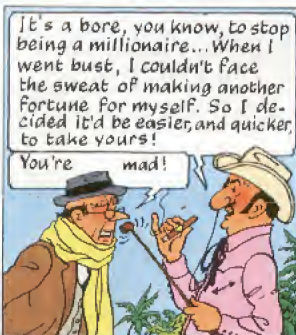
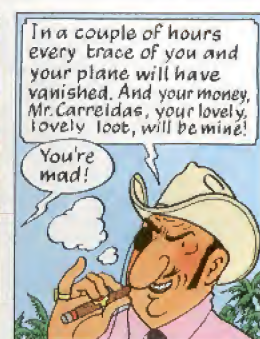
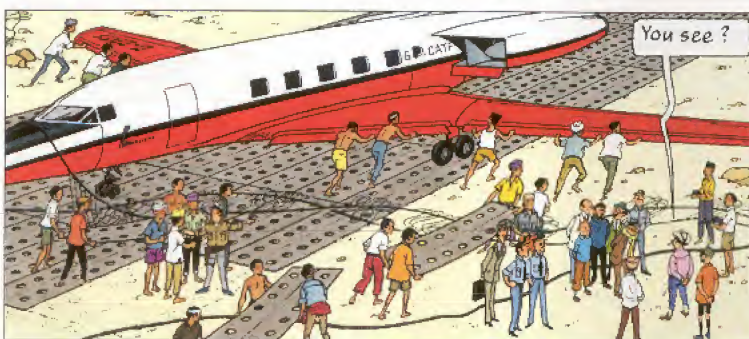
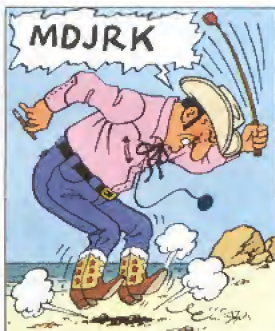
Now, Colombani boy, it's all or nothing!







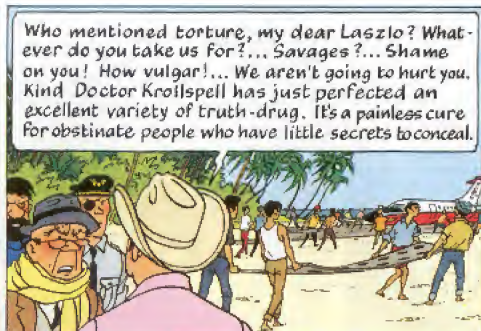






Cowardly brute!

Hold your tongue! I am talking with my friend Carreidas, not you!



Who mentioned torture, my dear Laszlo? Whatever do you take us for?... Savages?... Shame on you! How vulgar!... We aren't going to hurt you. Kind Doctor Kroilspell has just perfected an excellent variety of truth-drug. It's a painless cure for obstinate people who have little secrets to conceal.



A truth-drug?... Villain!... Blackguard!... Bully! ... A... aa... aaa...



AAA A

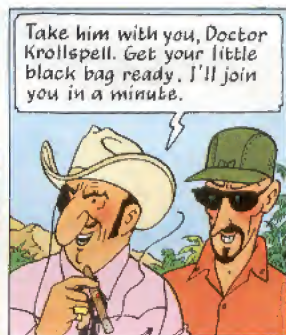


TCHOO



Stop! My hat!...

Whoops!



Take him with you, Doctor Kroilspell. Get your little black bag ready. I'll join you in a minute.



My hat!... My hat!...

Come along!



Give the poor chap his hat, you son of a seagherkin! He could get sunstroke!

My hat!...



Sunstroke, eh? But what about you? You aren't wearing a hat either...

Don't worry about me.



But I do. I want you wrapped up!

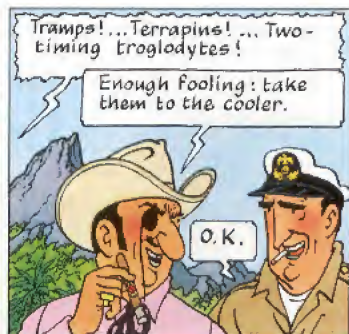
?! ?!



Ten thousand ...

Ha! ha!

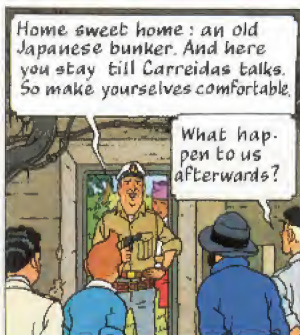
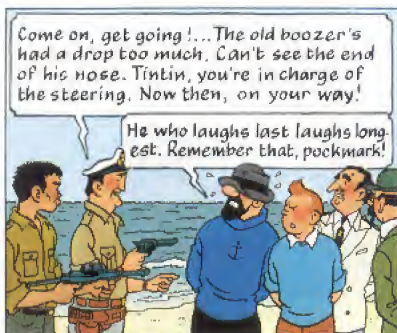
Ha! ha!

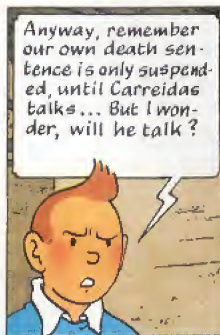
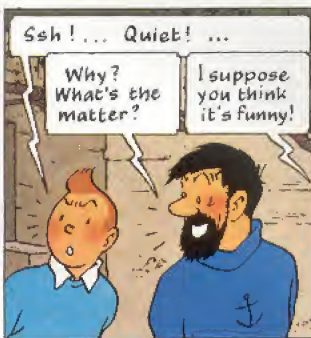
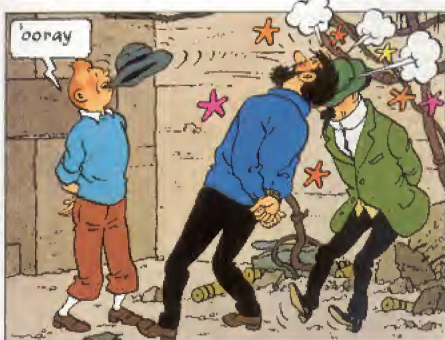
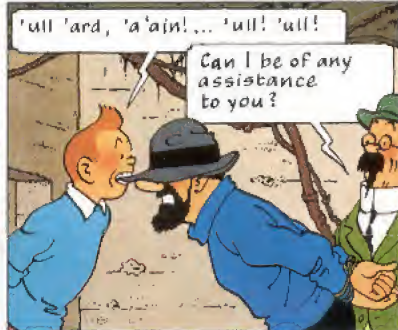


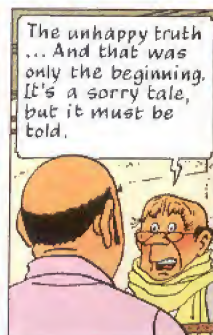
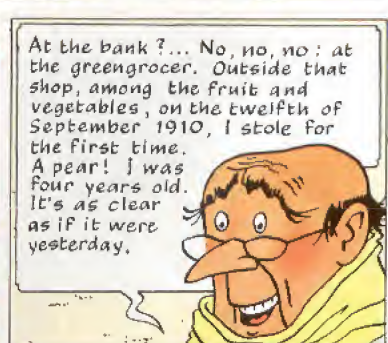
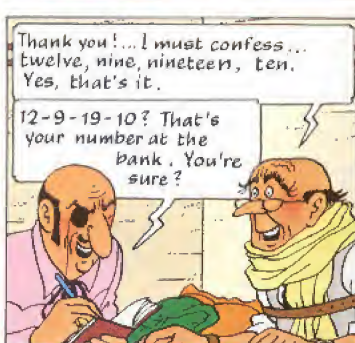
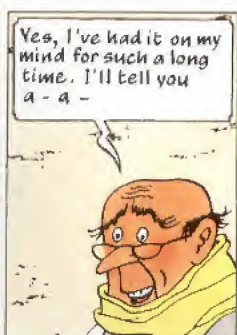
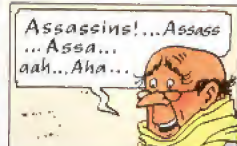
Tramps!... Terrapins! ... Two-timing Troglodytes!

Enough fooling: take them to the cooler.

O.K.







Poor Elena! How she protested her innocence. But they threw her into the street... And I nearly died of laughing! Even then I was the devil incarnate!

The dose can't have been strong enough. I'll give him another shot.

Very well.

I was only a child. From my tenderest years I have never ceased to do my neighbours down. Amazing, isn't it?

Th- ere !

Now who's going to give his account number to his old friend Rastapopoulos, eh?

Me!... Me!... I am!

2. 17. 6 ...

Yes, 2. 17. 6. That was it. The exact amount. I sneaked it one morning, some years later, from my elder sister's handbag.

! You dare to joke with me?

2. 17. 6 ?
Excellent my dear Carreidas. That's all I wanted to know.

Believe me, it is no joking matter. I am rotten, rotten to the core.

Your account number! Tell me! I order you to tell me!

I'm so mean that I even cheat at games in my aeroplane. I imagine, I installed closed-circuit television to let me see my opponent's fleet... Dreadful, isn't it, at my age?

I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!

But you should care. There are lessons to be learned from the life of a dishonest... of a ... dishon... dis... ZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZ

He's gone to sleep!... Your serum is a success, Doctor Krollspell! A brilliant success!

Meanwhile ...

If we get out of this mess alive I swear I'll never touch whisky again ...

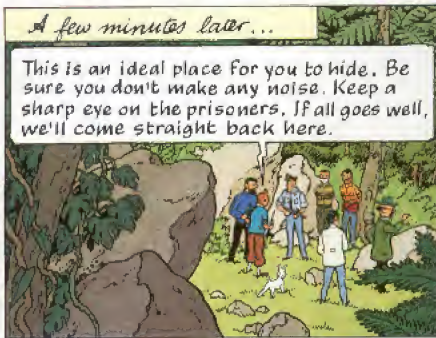
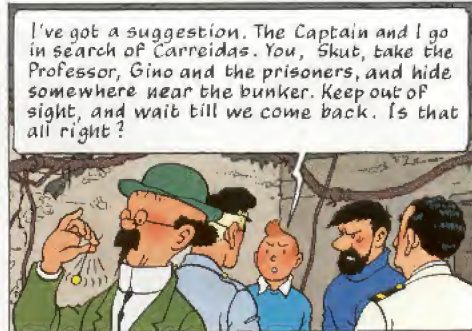
... for a hundred ... no, fifty ... er, say ten... well, three days... That's a promise!

Ssh!... Quiet! ... Listen!

I didn't say anything!









Billions of blistering barnacles!

W-where are you?

Here!



How on earth did you get in there?

I don't know. I went to step over some roots and whoosh! I shot down between them.



I fell on a sort of smooth slab... like a flagstone. Let's investigate. There's something funny about this place... a weird atmosphere.



I can feel it too... But we must push on. We'll look later, if we get time.



Not so fast, Snowy.



Oh! Come and look... quietly...



Rastapopoulos wasn't exaggerating: the safety net's gone and the runway's almost disappeared. I must admit, the operation was organised down to the last detail.



I didn't see the plane: must have been camouflaged.

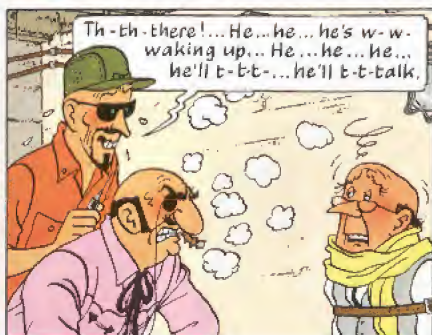
I expect so.



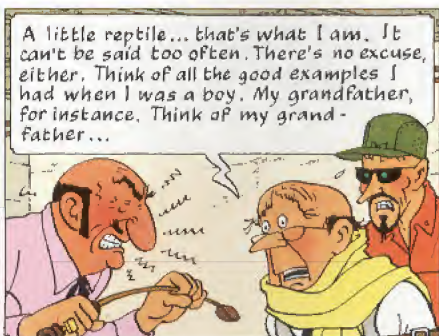
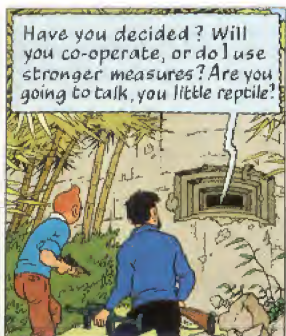
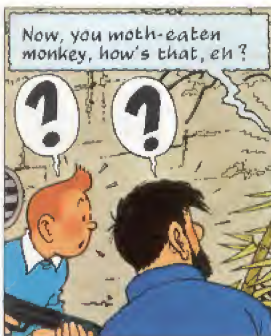
We must be getting near: look at Snowy. He's on to something.

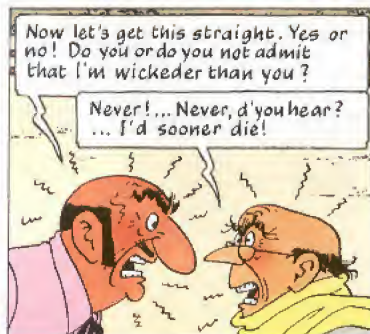
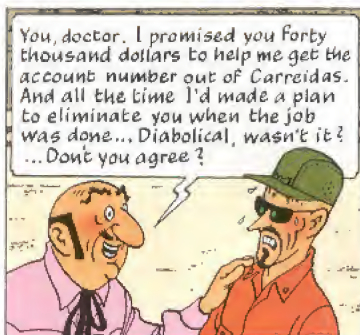
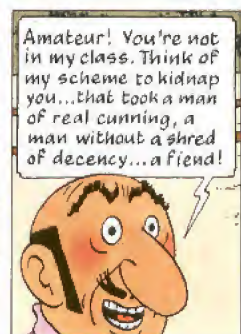


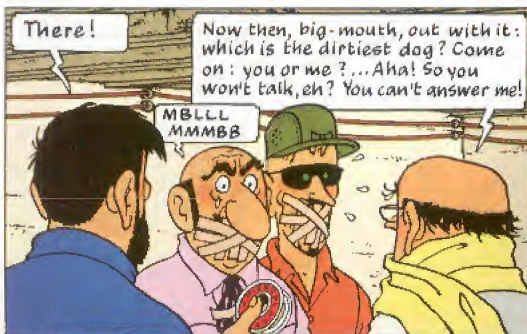
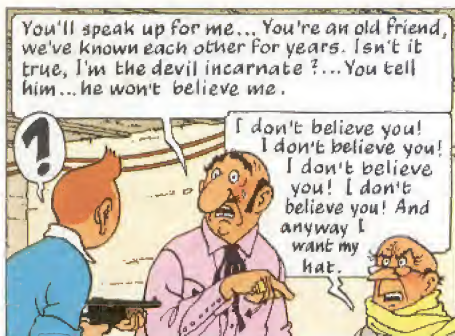
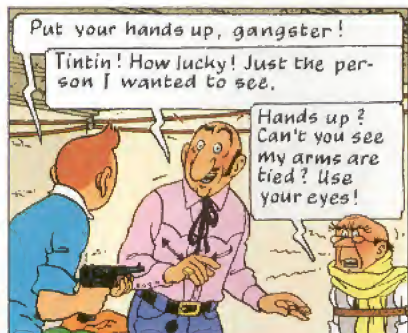
Crumbs! Another bunker, with two guards outside. That'll be where they're holding Carreidas.

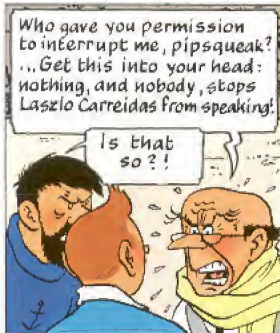


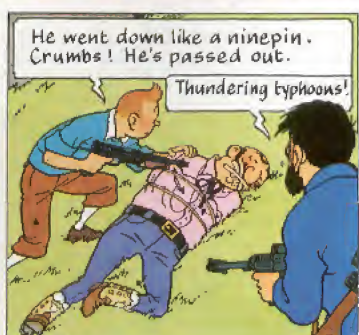
Th-Eh-ther!... He...he... he's w-w- waking up... He...he... he... he'll t-t-t... he'll t-t-talk.

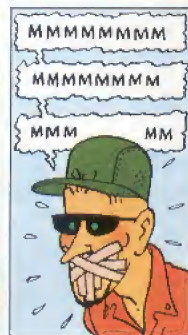
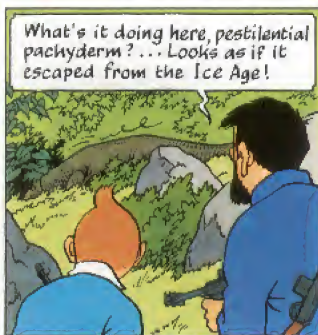
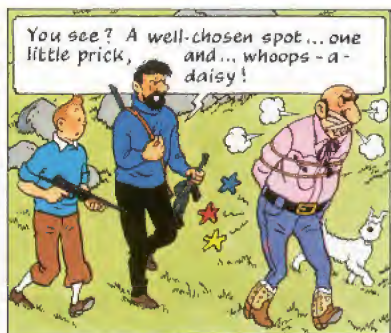


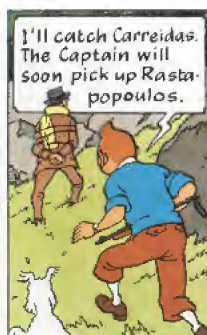














Meanwhile...

I'm not too happy about Krollspell... I think you trust him too far.



BLMMBM...
MBMMBL...



... but he knows now that his worthy employer had him booked for a sticky end. So the doctor's as keen as we are to keep out of his clutches. You saw how he helped us?



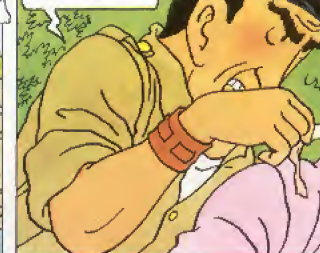
YEEEEK!



W-what a horrible shriek... It's... bloodcurdling...



Cheer up, boss: that's the last.



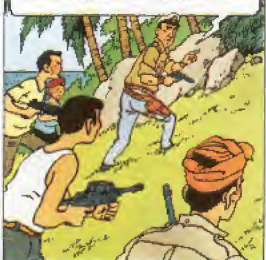
I wonder... It sounded like Rastapopoulos...

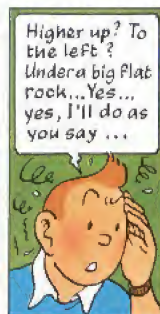
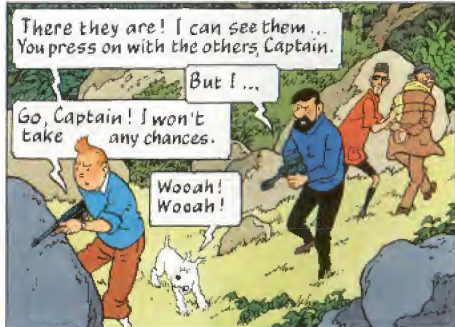


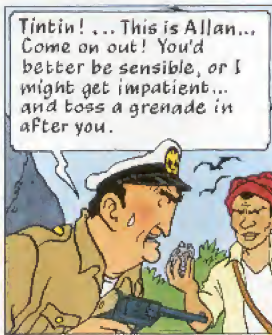
What are you hanging around for? Get after them! And don't forget, I want Carreidas and Krollspell alive! Just ...

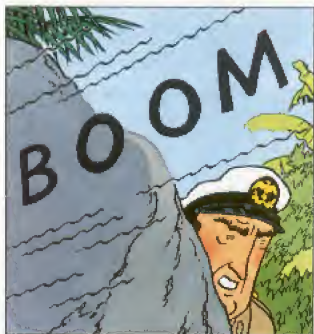
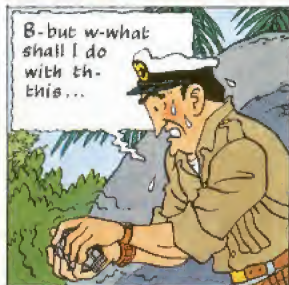


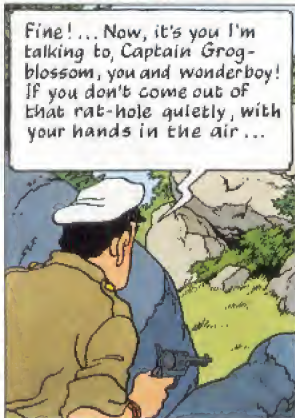
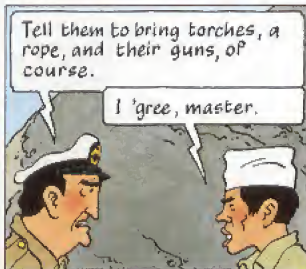
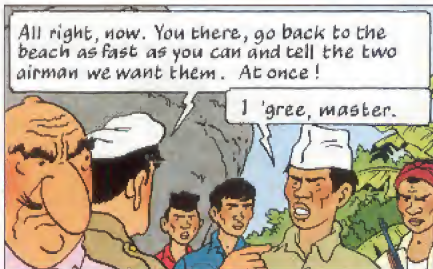
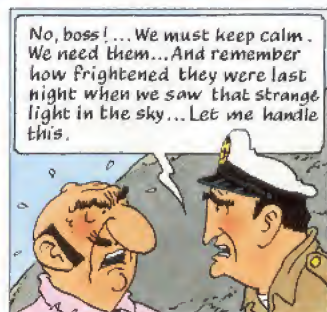
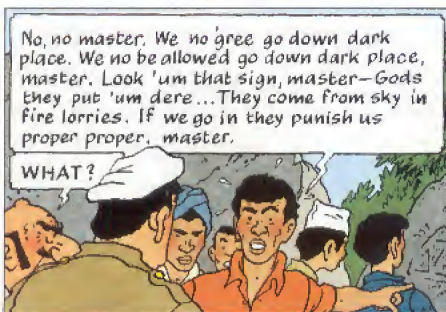
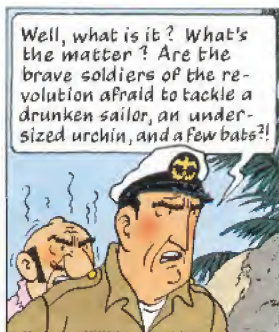
Follow me, boys! ... Death to the enemies of the Soudonesian revolution!

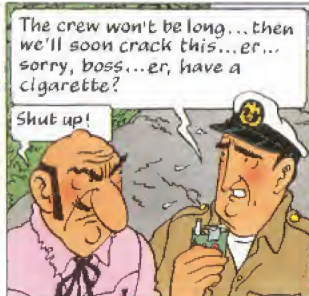












The crew won't be long... then we'll soon crack this... er... sorry, boss... er, have a cigarette?

Shut up!



CRACK

What is that?...



Oh! A monkey!... A prob... a... Got it! A proboscis monkey!



Ha! ha! Look, scooting along like a rabbit!



My, what a sight!... What a conk!... Did ever you see such a conk?



Reminds me of someone... Now, who can it...



Meanwhile...

Hello! Here's one of our chaps come back...



Big man 'e want you: make you go, chop chop...

Now what's the matter?



It should have been finished hours ago, and the plane at the bottom of the sea. We shall end up being spotted here. Ah, here's the news bulletin.



There is still no trace of the aircraft owned by millionaire Laszlo Carreidas which disappeared between Macassar and Darwin. The search, which has been called off at nightfall, will be resumed at dawn.



Good, that gives us a few hours' respite. Come on, boys.

Not me! I'm not crawling about in the jungle...

That'll do, Spalding. Move!



Look here, Tintin, when are you going to explain? Where the blue blistering blazes are you taking us?

I've told you, Captain. I haven't the remotest idea... Someone seems to be guiding me. I'm just obeying orders. That's all I can say...

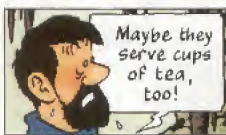
And another thing: how is it we can see our way down here? By rights it should be black as the inside of a cow.

I know. It's queer. It reminds me of that strange light in the Temple of the Sun.

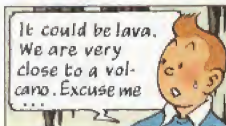
But I think we've nearly reached our destination... Yes, there's the statue I was told about...

His lordship's "voices" have described the statue to his lordship, of course. Perhaps they've also been gracious enough to explain why it's so hellishly hot down here! Like a Turkish bath!

I don't know. Perhaps there's a spring of boiling water nearby...



Maybe they serve cups of tea, too!



It could be lava. We are very close to a volcano. Excuse me...



The eye... Press hard on the eye... The right one?... I see...

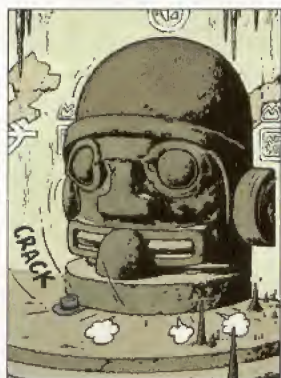


A secret passage! ...It's unbelievable! ...Pressing on the eye released a catch... We must go on.

In there? But...



I'll come last, Captain. You go, then I can lower the statue into place.



I bolted it behind us as I was told to do: I believe we're safe now, if I've really understood the instructions from what you call my "Voices".

Your voices!

MMBL

Voices here! Voices there! I suppose you think you're Joan of Arc, eh? I've had enough of this tomfoolery. Thundering typhoons, the joke's over! Tell me how you knew this place existed. Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles, tell me!

But I ...

MMBL



W-w-what? ...
W-w-who? ... W-
who's speaking?
... What did you say?
... I ... I'm not to make
so much noise? ... N-n-
no, sir.

I ... It's crazy! ... I ... You can't
imagine what ... It's ... it's as
though someone was talking on
the telephone, ringing me up
inside my head! ... You can laugh,
but that's what happened, just
like I said ...

TAP TAP TAP
Ssh! ...
Listen!



Someone there!

D'you understand? It was just like
a loudspeaker, inside my head! ... I
can't believe it ... It's absolutely ...

Fan-tas-tic!

Calculus!

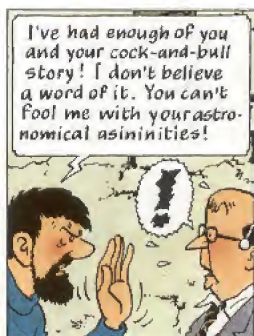
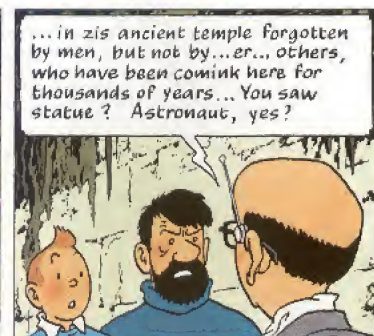
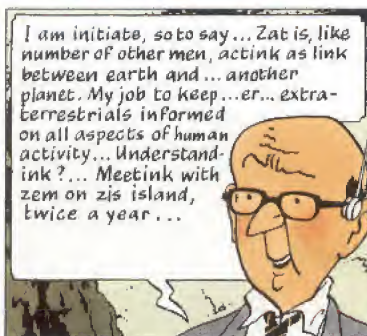
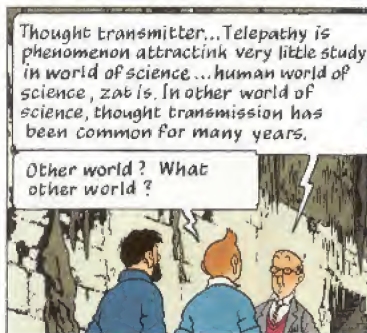
Professor! ... Where have you come
from? ... And where are the others?

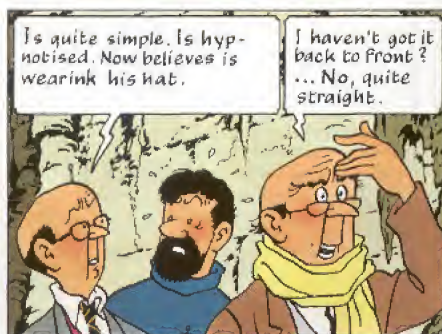
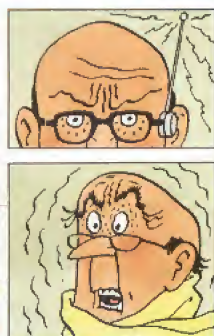
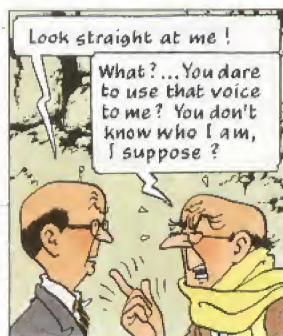
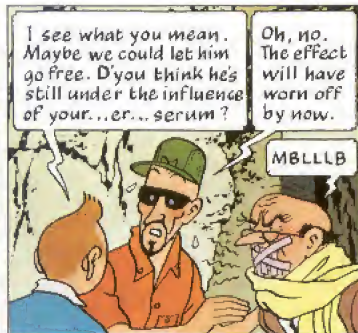
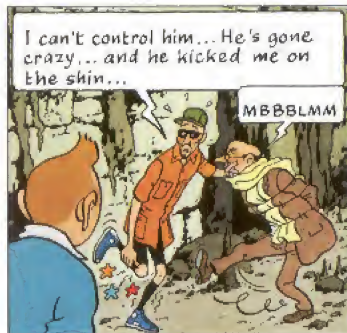
You see! I was quite
right, wasn't I?

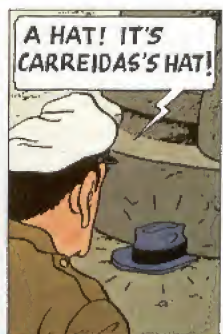
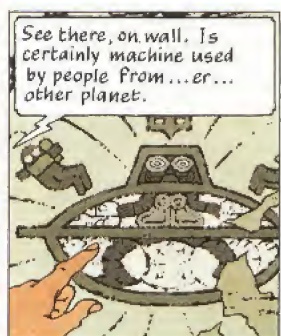
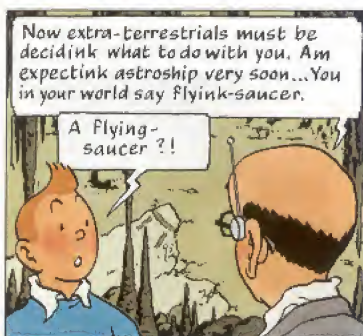
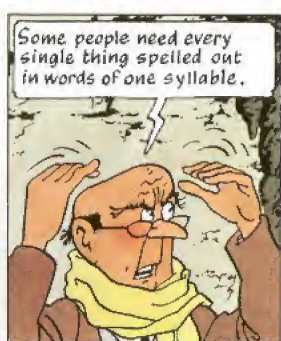
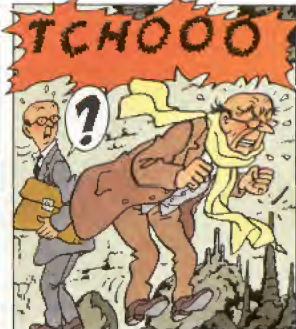
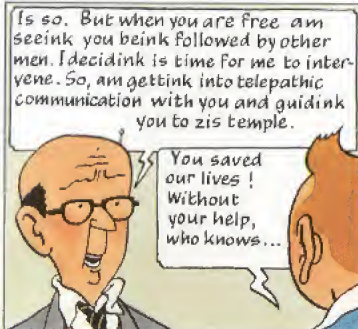
You still don't believe me?
You're still sceptical?

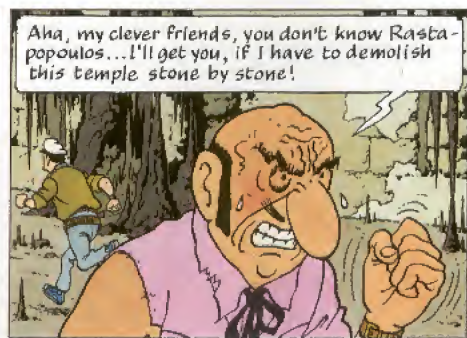
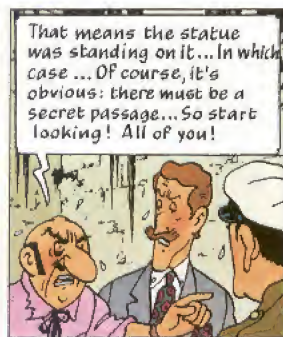
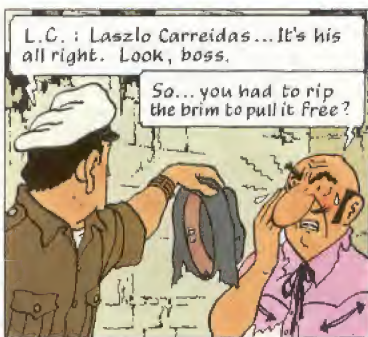
No, no,
Professor,
but ...

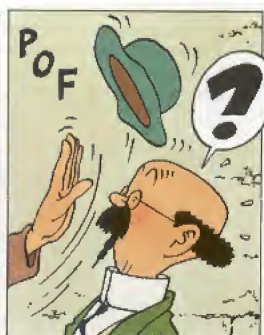
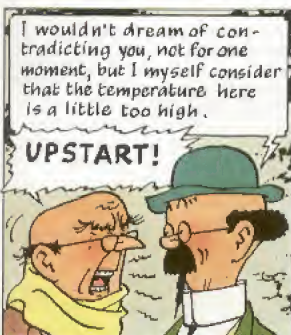
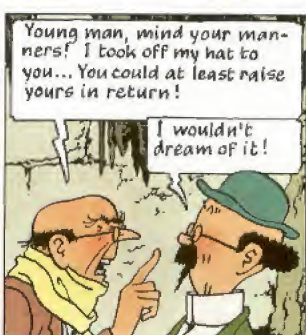
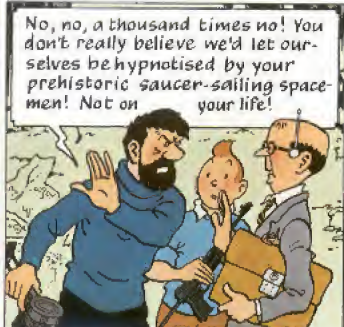
Oh?... Well, it's perfectly
simple: you can ask that
gentleman there ...











Meanwhile...

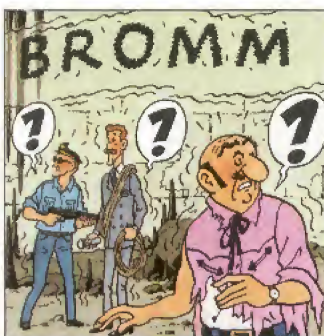
That fool Allan! What's he doing now? ...



He should have been back ages ago. I'll blow their statues sky-high... Then we'll see... Hello?



The bump on my head... it's gone! ... That's a good omen: it means my luck's changing!



AN EARTHQUAKE!



What have I done to deserve all this? Me, who'd never harm a fly! ... There's no justice!



At the same time...



Yes, is over... Earthquakes very frequent in zis area, but never severe... Yet zis time am wonderink...

This time?...

Cuthbert, please!

I beg your pardon: he started it!

Your hat? You have it on your head.



I not know why, but zis time I feelink very very uneasy...

Oh?



Yes, am sensink somethink strange in air. Must not stay here... Come, will rejoin your comrades.

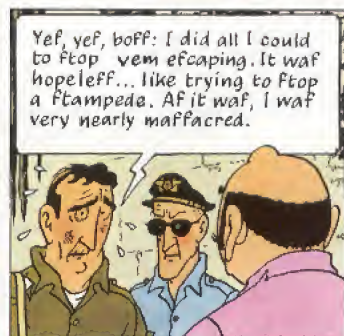


What's been going on?

No, it was him!

Come quickly. Have warnink of danger.





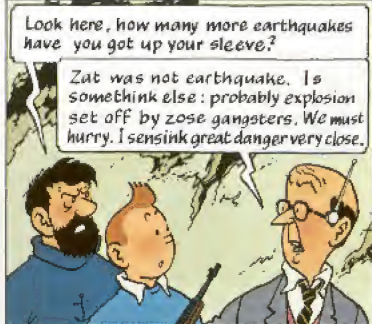


This gallery is runnink
from temple at one end to
crater of extinct volcano
at other.



?

!



Look here, how many more earthquakes
have you got up your sleeve?

Zat was not earthquake. Is
somethink else: probably explosion
set off by zose gangsters. We must
hurry. I sensink great danger very close.

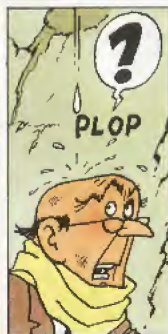


Few more minutes and we are
comink out of underground...



... the main thing
is, I found my
hat.

Of course.



?

PLOP



Good heavens,
it's dripping on
my head... In
that case, what
am I wearing?



Wait for me. I won't be
a minute. I must find
my hat!



It's on your head!
... Come back!



Yes, yes! Your hat's
on your head, Mr.
Carreidas.



No, this one isn't
mine! It leaks!



Crumbs! Those trails of smoke
...Where are they coming from?

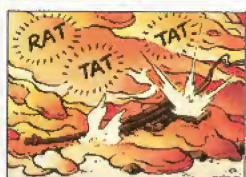
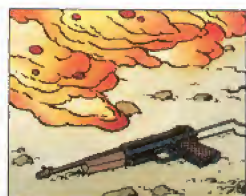


And what's that awful
smell? ... It's sulphur!



AAAH

?





Well done, Captain!
A brilliant
recovery!



Let your-
self slide
down
now...



This way,
Captain!



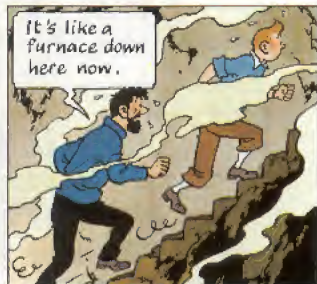
Phew! I thought
I was in the
frying-pan
that time!

Come on
quickly!
We haven't
a moment
to lose!



I'm coming, I'm coming. That ectoplasm
Carreidas, he'd better watch out!
Purple profiteering jellyfish! He'll be
steak and kidney pudding if I catch him!

Hurry!

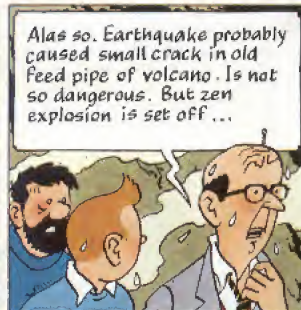


It's like a
furnace down
here now.



Ah, is good, is good! You safe and
sound! Come zis way!

The volcano's come to life.



Alas so. Earthquake probably
caused small crack in old
feed pipe of volcano. Is not
so dangerous. But zen
explosion is set off...



...and is enlargink crack and
allowink gas and lava to es-
cape...In zat case, eruption
of volcano is followink...Let
us be hopink astroship is
comink at rendezvous...



The heat is becoming intolerable
... If this goes on...

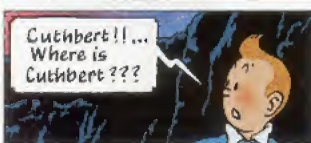
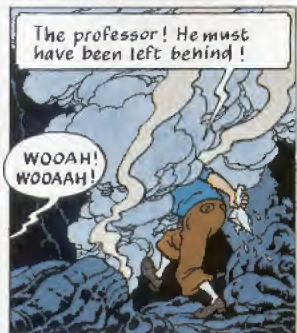
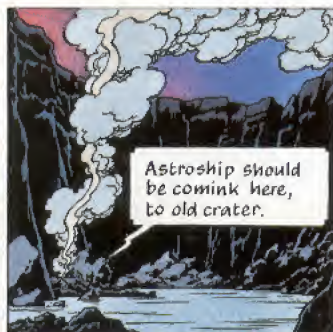
ATCHOO

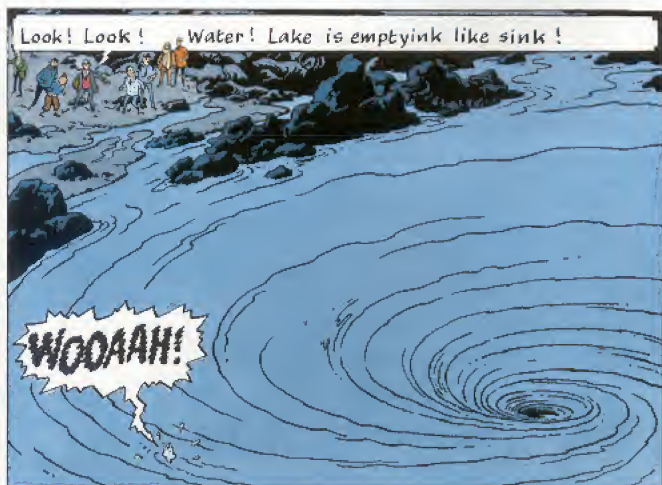
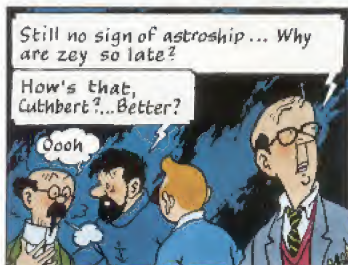
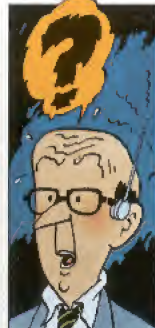


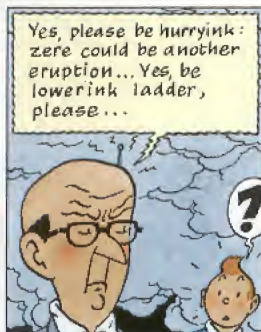
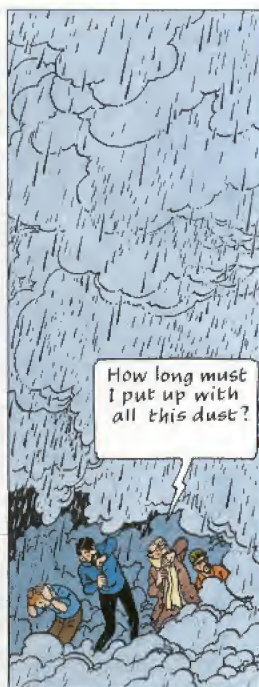
Shut the door behind you!
Can't you feel the
draught? Dreadful!



And what about all this smoke?
You're doing it on purpose. Me
with my sensitive throat!
Are you trying to kill me?







Hypnotise us? Not on your life!
It's out of the question... Besides,
that sort of mummery wouldn't
affect us!



Wouldn't affect us...
wouldn't affect us...
wouldn't affect us wouldn't...



Now, gentlemen, you are at air-
port at Djakarta. You are board-
ink Carreidas aircraft, flyink
to Sydney. Zere is ladder. Please
go up first, Mr. Carreidas.



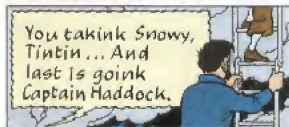
You followink
him, professor,
and zen you,
Captain Skut.



Gino, please
...Now you
go up, doctor.



You takink Snowy,
Tintin... And
last is goink
Captain Haddock.



Excellent... You are all
in aircraft...

You raisink
ladder quickly,
Chief Pilot! I
hearink danger-
ous rumblinks...



Is just in time!... Thankink
you, Chief Pilot. You excus-
ink me now while I lookink
after terrestrial comrades.



You, Mr. Carreidas. You
playink Battleships with
Captain Haddock. You cheatink
naturally.

Naturally.



Captain Skut, you are at controls of
Carreidas 160. Flight is uneventful.
Nothink to report.

Nothink to report.
No, nothink at all!



Look zere!...
Rubber dinghy!



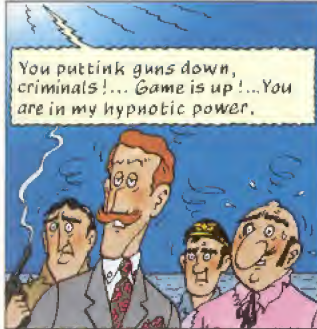
Is dinghy from Carreidas
160... Zat is suggestink how
adventure can be finishink
for Tintin and comrades.

I fee fommeing in
ve fky! What
is it?



It's... it's a flying-saucer!! It's
circling... Diavolo! It's coming straight
for us! Fire, Allan! ... FIRE!





You puttink guns down, criminals!... Game is up!... You are in my hypnotic power.



All listenink carefully. Zis machine is simply helicopter comink to pick you up... You climbink aboard!

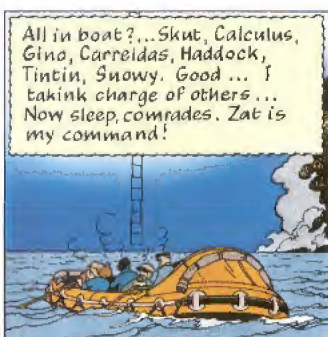
Yes, sir.
Yes, sir.



Now I speakink to you, Captain Skut, and to your comrades... You are forgetting everything zat is happenink since yesterday. You only rememberink zis: after departure from Djakarta for Sydney, unknown causes are forcink you to be ditchink aircraft...



... and you are havink to board rubber dinghy.



All in boat?... Skut, Calculus, Gino, Carreidas, Haddock, Tintin, Snowy. Good ... I takink charge of others ... Now sleep, comrades. Zat is my command!



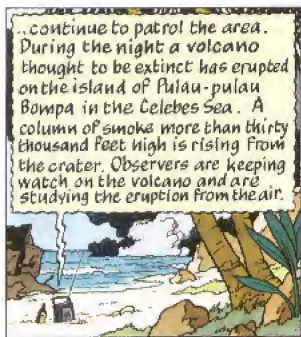
Adieu!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Some hours later...

Search has resumed for the passengers and crew of the Carreidas aircraft which disappeared yesterday on a flight to Sydney. Hopes are fading of finding survivors, but aircraft...



...continue to patrol the area. During the night a volcano thought to be extinct has erupted on the island of Pulau-pulau Bompia in the Celebes Sea. A column of smoke more than thirty thousand feet high is rising from the crater. Observers are keeping watch on the volcano and are studying the eruption from the air.



One more run, Dick. See if we can film the crater.

O.K.



Hey, Dick! Look down there, at ten o'clock. Look!

Good Lord! A rubber dinghy!



Victor Hotel Bravo calling Macassar tower. We've spotted a rubber dinghy about a mile south of the volcano. Five or six men aboard. We've made several low-level runs over them but there's no sign of life...except for a little white dog.



Look, Dick! The wind's carrying them towards the island, and there's lava flowing into the sea. They'll be boiled alive like lobsters! We've got to do something. We must save them!

Wooah!
Wooah!

Thousands
of
miles
away,
several
days
later.

Tonight Scanorama is bringing you a special feature. The brilliant air-sea rescue of six of the men aboard millionaire Carreidas's plane made world headline news. Laszlo Carreidas and five companions were found drifting in a dinghy more than 200 miles off their scheduled route. They were snatched to safety only minutes from death in a lava-heated cauldron, the sea around the volcanic island of Pulau-pulau Bompia. All the survivors were suffering from severe shock. It was several hours before they...



...recovered consciousness in a Japanese hospital. Our on-the-spot reporter has secured the first interview with the mystery-crash survivors... Colin Chattamare in Djakarta.

A put-up job, or I'm not Jolyon Wagg! Bet Carreidas dumped his rotten old crate for the insurance.



Let's begin with the owner of the aircraft... This has been a terrible business for you, Mr. Carreidas. You must be greatly upset by the loss of your prototype, and the tragic disappearance of your secretary and two members of your crew.

Yes, of course...



All very sad, but what can you expect? That's life, you know. What really annoys me, though, is that I lost my hat: a pre-war Broess and Clackwell. And that's absolutely irreplaceable.



About the needle-marks found on your arm, Mr. Carreidas. It seems that your companions didn't have these...

Naturally: I'm richer than they are.

I... er... precisely.



Captain Skut, you had to make a forced landing. Can you tell us something about it, and what happened afterwards? Your last radio message said you were flying over Sumbawa and had nothing to report.

Yes...



... yes, but is not possible to remember: is like gap in my mind... I not understand... Is like strange dream...



Me too. Just the same. Only I'd call it a horrible nightmare.

Blow me! Look who's here again. My old chum! The ancient mariner from Marlinspike!... The old humbug, he doesn't half come up with some comic turns!



I vaguely remember some grinning masks, and suffocating heat in an underground passage... Thundering typhoons, it makes me thirsty to think of it!

And how about you?



I... well, I had a similar dream. It's certainly odd, but...

And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!



... the most inexplicable part of this whole business is... No, I think Professor Calculus will tell you...



Professor, will you show them what you have found?

Of course not, of course not. With pleasure.

There!

Oh. And what is that?

Exactly! ... It's a metal rod with a hemispherical head.

Nuts! It's a common-on-garden valve! Common from a car engine!

To the untrained eye this object presents nothing unusual. But the first suspicious fact is that I found it in my pocket.

In your pocket?

No, no. I found it in my pocket.

Same old Calculoopy! Bit touched in the upper storey. Daft as well as deaf.

How it got there I really have no idea at all... Extraordinary... But the matter really assumes a fantastic character when I tell you this object is made of a metal not found on our earth.

You... you're sure?

Iron ore? Rubbish! ... Look at this!

My sainted aunt, what a hoo! Ha! ha! ha! Hoo! hoo!

See how violently my pendulum reacts when I hold it over the object!

Yes, indeed. But what does it mean?

No, my dear sir, it is not a delusion. I may tell you, young man, that I have had this metal analysed in the laboratories at Djakarta University. And, sir, the physical chemists are quite unanimous: it is composed of cobalt in the natural state, alloyed with iron and nickel.

Since cobalt in the natural state does not occur on earth, this object is of extra-terrestrial origin.

Bats in the belfry! ... Come on, Prof, give us some more! Go the whole hog! Say it dropped off a Flying-saucer. Made by a Martian with his little space-kit... Tell that to Lord Nelson, he'll fall off his column laughing!

Professor, you used the words "extra-terrestrial". In this connection, may I show you a photograph, taken by an amateur in Cairo last Monday... the day you were found? ... Please study it carefully...

Would you agree with the photographer, who claims that it is indeed a flying-saucer? ... And would you say that this machine is of extra-terrestrial origin?

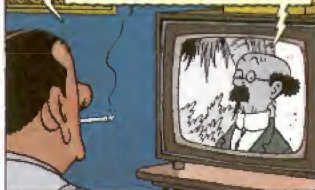


A bottle of gin?... Frankly, I can see no connection... To me, the photograph would appear to show an unidentified flying object, popularly known as a flying-saucer.



Do you think this 'machine' is connected with the object you found?

Round? That goes without saying. A saucer is always round, is it not?



Er... of course... One final question, Professor. I understand that you and your companions are suffering from amnesia...

If you wish, but I always take a glass of water with milk of magnesia...



I beg your pardon?... I... hmm... the point I want to make is that occasional cases of amnesia are not uncommon... There's one reported in the paper today. The head of a psychiatric clinic in Cairo, Dr. Krollspell, has just been found wandering near the outskirts of the city. He'd been missing for more than a month, and he has completely lost his memory.



But in your case, how do the doctors account for the fact that you are ALL suffering from amnesia?

They don't seem able to give an explanation... any more than we can.



I could tell them a thing or two!... But no one would believe me!



And finally, what are your plans? Where do you go from here?

We're catching the next plane for Sydney. We shall just be in time for the opening of the Astro-nautical Congress.



Well, I hope there will be no further interruptions to your journey. Good luck from Scanorama, and thank you... Goodbye, Captain!



DONG: This is the final call for Qantas Flight 714 to Sydney. All passengers please proceed immediately to gate No. 3.



THE END